

The Strangest Day

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Characters:

Rody Lamoree, Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau, Alana (The Girl From Tomorrow), Princess Peach (Nintendo), Tsukino Usagi, Rohoph (MARDEK), Syzoth | Reptile, Marianne "Manon" Vacher

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The Strangest Day

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

I'm living the strangest day as I receive colorful customers at La Gueule de Saturne. Human or not, I still have to be a good waiter for them.

- A translation of [Le jour le plus étrange](#) by [MiaQc](#)

Alana, the girl who said she came from the future.

I'm Rody Lamoree, waiter at La Gueule de Saturne. I thought I'd have a day like so many others at work, but that's not the case at all.

It all started when this young girl arrived. She must be 14. She has long, messy brown hair, eyes of the same color, wears a purple bracelet on her wrist, some kind of headband around her neck, and she looks lost.

"Hello. Welcome to La Gueule de Saturne!" I said, smiling.

What I do with every customer. She looks at me with wide eyes.

"Sorry? La... Gueule de Saturne?"

"Yes. Are your parents with you? Or is this a table for one?"

"For one?"

"One person."

"I'm sorry, I... I don't understand."

"You seem lost. I mean, it's none of my business, but..."

"Yes. I shouldn't be here. My name is Alana."

"Pleased to meet you. My name is Rody."

She then explains that she's from the future, that her time machine is somewhere out there, and that she needs to get back to her own time quickly.

"But the Time Capsule is stuck... among broken objects... and the place stinks! I need help getting it out."

Alana seems to be describing the dump. I didn't believe her story, of course. Even so, I'm a curious person by nature and Vincent always told me to treat customers well, even if they behave strangely.

"If it's stuck, how did you get out?"

"The door was able to open a little, just enough for me to get out. I

really need help."

"I'd like to help you." A lie. "But I'm working right now. Are you going to eat something or not?"

"Eat?"

"This is a restaurant. Here, people pay to eat."

"Well, all right."

I lead Alana to a table. She sits down on the chair. I quickly bring her the full course meal then watch her from a distance. Alana seems totally unfamiliar with how to eat in a restaurant. She uses her fingers and the food has a strange effect on her. Curiosity, joy, excitement.

"Ahhhh~, this is so good! I've never eaten this before."

"Glad you liked it."

I ask Alana to go to the cash register to pay. She goes, shyly, and I join her.

"Then it will be 50 francs. [\[1\]](#)"

Alana says nothing. She just stands there.

"You have to pay me, Alana."

"I don't understand."

"Look, I've been nice to you, I've played along, but now that's enough. You've got to pay me or you're in trouble."

"Rody. I'm sorry, I..."

"Then 50 francs, right now!"

"I don't know what it is. I don't have any."

"What?!"

A customer who refuses to pay is not good for me. I can already see my boss throwing a tantrum.

"I'm telling you the truth. What are francs?"

I shouldn't be doing this, but I'm seeing red. I grab Alana by the arm.

She screams. The other customers, who were eating, turn to me. Great.

"YOU MUST PAY ALANA!"

"Let go of me! LET GO OF ME!"

I hear the kitchen door open violently. Vincent's voice asks, "what the hell is going on here?" I free Alana's arm and she runs out. My boss comes to see me.

"Vince! It's that girl, Alana."

"What girl?"

"She ran away... and she didn't pay for her meal!"

"WHAT?!" He notices the customers' stares focused on us. "Ladies, gentlemen, do not worry. Please continue to enjoy the sumptuous cuisine of our establishment."

The customers return to their plates. Vince orders me to his office. I nod. At his office, he argues with me for letting a customer leave without paying and for causing a scene in front of the other customers. No matter how hard I try to defend myself, saying that Alana wasn't in her right mind, Vince won't listen.

"Lamoree, get back to work. RIGHT NOW!"

I sigh and go back to serving customers. What I didn't know is that Alana isn't the only special customer coming to La Gueule de Saturne today.

[\[1\]](#) Although the game uses euros (symbol €), in 1960 French francs were the currency used in France. The euro has only been used since 2002.

Peach, the princess.

Then, a blonde woman wearing a pink dress, a princess dress, arrives. She even has a crown on her head.

"Welcome to La Gueule de Saturne." I said. "But, Madam, we are not on Halloween."

"What is Halloween?"

"Well... how shall I put this? Your dress is..."

"Is it causing a problem? I wear it every day."

"No, not at all!" I say quickly, so as not to cause another scene. "So, will this be a table for one?"

"Yes, please. I'm Peach, princess of the Mushroom Kingdom."

"Ah... I... I see..."

Great, another weird customer. I accompany the "princess" to her table. She sits nobly, like a true princess. I quickly bring her the full course meal. Peach eats nobly. When she's finished, she says it's delicious.

"But I feel like something's missing. I don't know what."

"Ah, yes, love."

"Love?"

"A lot of critics say the food in this restaurant isn't made with love."

"I see. So, how much should I pay for this meal?"

"That will be 50 francs. To the cash register, please."

Peach and I go to the cash register. She gives me fifty gold coins with a star on them.

"What's this?"

"The Mushroom Kingdom's currency. Doesn't it work?"

I sigh. Another customer who'll leave without paying. I take one of the

coins and bite down gently.

"But... it's real gold!" I said in a low voice.

"Of course, it is. All our coins are in gold." Peach tells me.

"It's perfect. Thank you for coming! Hope to see you again at La Gueule de Saturne."

Princess Peach, now I think she really is one, leaves the restaurant. I hurriedly hid the fifty gold coins in my apron pocket.

I go to see Vince in the kitchen. He was going to berate me again when I showed him the coins, but when I told him they were gold, he did the bite test.

"You're right." He whispers to me. "Go to my apartment and put them in my safe."

He gives me the combination. I didn't expect him to trust me that much. I go to his apartment and put the fifty gold coins in a safe place. When I return to the kitchen, Vincent asks me if "it's done".

"Yes, it's done."

"Perfect, Lamoree. Now get back to work."

"Yes Chief!"

I go back to work and tell myself that another strange customer will arrive.

Sailor Moon, the guardian of love and justice.

Indeed, a young blonde girl with a hairstyle I've never seen before and wearing a strange costume arrives.

"Oh, oh! Is this a French restaurant?"

"Yes, it is. Welcome to La Gueule de Saturne, Miss...?"

"How? Don't you know me? But I'm famous!"

"Sorry, I don't know you."

"I am Sailor Moon, the guardian of love and justice!"

"I... see..."

After Alana and Peach, I shouldn't be surprised and yet I'm thinking this girl is crazy.

"Will this be a table for one, Miss Sailor Moon?"

"Yes~!"

Well, a customer is a customer. As long as she pays.

I'll take her to her table. Sailor Moon sits down excitedly. She can't wait to eat. I hurriedly order a full course meal and bring it to her as soon as it's ready. Sailor Moon hesitates at first, being unfamiliar with haute cuisine, but then goes for it. She eats the whole thing quickly.

"It was... something."

"You didn't like the food?"

"No, no! Well, a little...? But I ate, so it's okay!"

I sigh softly. It's a good thing Vince didn't hear that. He'd be furious. I direct Sailor Moon to the cash register. She hands me some Japanese coins.

"Miss Sailor Moon, we're in France."

"I know!"

"Then you'll have to pay with French money."

"But I've only got yen on me!"

I sigh again.

"One moment, please."

I go to the kitchen to see Vince. I explain the situation.

"Can we accept her yen as payment?"

Vincent sighs. His brow is wrinkled. He's annoyed.

"Yes, since I can convert them into francs later. If I remember correctly, 1 franc equals 25 yen."

"So 50 francs is 1,250 yen?"

"Exactly. I hope Miss Sailor Moon has enough on her. Otherwise..."

Vince gives me a dark look, a look that could cut someone with a knife. I swallow.

I go back to the register, but Sailor Moon isn't there. I look around. She's gone. I stop myself from screaming.

With my head down, I return to my boss in the kitchen. When I tell him that Sailor Moon has run off without paying, he screams with rage. I return to serving the tables at lightning speed.

Rohoph, healer from Anshar.

Another strange customer arrives and I prevent myself from screaming. A long white dress with yellow trim. A single bright white eye. Black skin, like the black color of a pencil. No hair on his head. No visible mouth. I'm looking at a real alien!

"Greetings, human." He said. "I am Rohoph, healer from Anshar. I'm visiting your planet and I want to try fine French cuisine. Am I in the right place?"

"Y-Y-Yes, of course! I'm Rody, welcome to La Gueule de Saturne! Table for one?"

"Yes, I came alone."

With great shyness, I accompany the alien to his table. Rohoph sits and waits patiently. I order a full course meal and bring it to him as soon as it's ready. I'm surprised to see that Rohoph knows how to use utensils. He eats the whole thing and I still can't see his mouth. The food seems to disappear into the blackness of his skin.

"I thank you, human. That was delicious and unique."

"P-Pleased that you enjoyed it. Uh, are you aware that you must pay for the meal?"

"Of course. I have your French currency here. Francs, I believe."

"Yes, that's right! That will be 50 francs, please."

Rohoph gives me the money, gets up from the table and leaves. I put the francs in the register and turn around. An alien. My god, I've served an alien! I hold myself from screaming.

Surprise customer.

With the day over and the other customers gone, I can head back to my apartment, but Vince insists I stay a little longer.

"There's the tables to clean and then... it was quite a day, wasn't it Rody?"

"Yes, the strangest day of my life. Alana, Peach, Sailor Moon, Rohoph. Will I meet any more special customers tomorrow?"

"I hope not. We're normal, ordinary people."

"It's true. It's not like I have fairy wings on my back!"

It makes my boss laugh.

"You, with wings? You'd fly away and I'd never see you again!"

"No, I wouldn't! Or like I'd have powers."

"What kind of powers?"

"I'm not sure... ice powers, maybe? Well, I'll clean the tables."

Vincent says goodbye and goes to his apartment on the second floor.

I'm clearing the tables, whistling, when I hear someone banging loudly on the restaurant's front door.

"We're closed!" I say as I go to the door, but I don't see anyone outside.

"Please," a male voice suddenly says, "let me in, I'm wounded."

"Where are you? I can't see."

"Sorry, I..." Suddenly a man appears. He's dressed like a ninja in green. "I'm not supposed to be here." I see green blood on his chest. "If you help me, I'll owe you a debt."

"I want to help you, but... who's to say you're not some kind of alien monster out to eat me?"

"I'm not a monster!" The man says aggressively, then groans. His wound must be hurting. "Even if my true form isn't human."

Vincent arrived at the same moment. He must have heard the banging on the door.

"Show me your true form. Then I'll decide whether Rody helps you or not."

"You are...?"

"Vincent Charbonneau. This is my restaurant. I'm the boss here."

"I... see..."

The man seems to hesitate, then transforms into a monster. A kind of lizard-dinosaur. He's big enough to do a lot of damage to La Gueule de Saturne. His mouth is also big enough to swallow us in one go.

"Well?" He asks Vincent in his real voice. "Are you satisfied?"

Despite his new appearance, his wound is still visible.

"Yes. Do you have a name?"

"Reptile."

"That's not a name."

The creature sighs and he moans again.

"Sy...Syzoth." He said before reverting to his human form.

"All right, I'll let you in." Says Vince.

"What? Are you crazy?" I ask my boss, but he ignores me.

"But if you try to hurt Rody, I'll kill you and cook you to serve to my customers! Got it?"

Vince gives Syzoth one of his killers looks. He nods and my boss lets him in.

"Okay, Rody, put two tables together."

I reluctantly do as he asks. Vince makes Syzoth lie down on the two tables that form a longer one.

"You'll be able to take care of him. You know where the medicine and bandages are."

"But I...!"

Vincent wishes me good luck and goes back to his apartment. I scream with rage.

"Calm down." Syzoth said softly. "If you panic, you won't be able to help me."

"B-B-But I don't pa-panic!"

Syzoth groaned again in pain.

"It hurts so much. There's something inside me. Some kind of rock."

"Inside... in the wound?"

"Yes, it needs to be removed before we bandage the whole thing."

"What about stitches? It's a big wound, it needs to be closed."

"What are stitches?"

"Well, it's... sewing the skin together. With thread and a needle."

"That sounds painful."

"It is... without anesthesia. I don't have what it takes to do one of those."

"Then I must endure."

Syzoth moans again. I'm calmer than before. I'll get some bandages, thread, needles, pliers and painkillers.

"Well," I tell him, "you're not human, so I don't know if these painkiller pills will work." I hand him two. "Swallow them."

He swallows them.

"I don't feel any difference."

"They either can't take effect right away or they simply don't work. Well, let's take a look at that wound."

It's large and pus seems to be forming on the green blood. I take the pliers.

"I'll try to remove the rock. Careful, it will hurt."

I gently push the pliers into the wound. Syzoth grits his teeth. I pull it out quickly.

"It's too short!" I say. "I can't reach a thing!"

"Y-Your hand..."

"What?"

"Your... hand... inside! It can go through!"

"No, no, no, no, no! I can't do that."

He screams my name and, terrified that he's going to change shape, I put my hand in his wound. It goes in like a knife through butter. Syzoth screams in pain, I think I even hear a growl and I hurry to find the rock. As soon as I feel it between my fingers, I quickly pull it out. In my hand, covered in green blood, is a rock as shiny as a diamond. This stone isn't from Earth.

Due to my hand's entry, Syzoth is bleeding profusely. I have to stitch up the wound and fast. While yelling at him not to move, I stitch him up. Syzoth continues to scream as I stitch his wound. When I've finished, I breathe a sigh of relief. I never thought I'd make it.

"Is it... Is it over?" Syzoth asks me.

"No, I still have to bandage you."

I bandage his wound.

"There, it's over, but my stitches aren't solid. You'll need to stay in bed for several days."

"I see... may I stay here?"

"Uh, well, I don't think Vincent would agree."

"At your place, then?"

"At my apartment? My place is a mess and I have a sofa for a bed."

"I don't mind." He looks at me and his green eyes seem bewitching. "Rody, please."

It's as if I can't refuse him anything. I'll let him stay with me. Syzoth smiles. He rises gently.

Holding him, we walk to my apartment. There, he lies down on my sofa and falls fast asleep. I find an extra blanket and pillow and lie down on the floor.

As I listen to the noises he makes in his sleep, I wonder why I ever agreed to let him stay with me. Syzoth is a lizard-dinosaur who could eat me! It's his eyes, his damned green eyes. Why are they so beautiful, magical, bewitching? Even Manon's eyes weren't like that.

Manon. I should call her. I get up and dial her number on the phone. I was expecting a message from the operator saying that the number I wanted to reach is invalid, or that the line is busy, but a familiar voice answers.

"Hello? Who is this?"

It's her! It's Manon!

"Manon! Don't hang up, I beg you!"

"Rody... give it up. You and I are done."

"I know! I just want to talk to you about my day at work."

"Why?"

"Because incredible things have happened to me! Manon..."

"Marianne."

"What?"

"You can't call me Manon anymore. I forbid it."

"But..."

"I'm going to hang up."

"No, Marianne, wait...!"

She hung up. I sigh. With a low expression on my face, I return lying down on the floor and slowly fall asleep.

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